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CHAOS!
COMICS

COVER A

EVIL ERNIE

IN SANTA FE



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EVIL ERNIE

IN SANTA FE

Alan Grant
WRITER

Tommy Castillo
ARTIST

Carsten Bradley
COLORIST

Steve Seeley
LETTERER

Cover A by Alex Horley

Cover B by Jeff Gaither

Special Thanks to Mark Powers

ABUSED BY HIS PARENTS AS A CHILD, ERNIE FAIRCHILD'S ANGER GREW INSIDE HIM UNTIL HE KILLED HIS PARENTS IN A FIT OF RAGE. EXPERIMENTAL TREATMENTS PERFORMED BY ONE DR. PRICE ENDED DISASTROUSLY, IMBUING ERNIE WITH AN UNQUENCHABLE THIRST FOR BLOOD AND SUPERNATURAL POWERS THAT ALLOW HIM TO TURN THE VICTIMS OF HIS MURDEROUS SPREES INTO HIS OWN ARMY OF ZOMBIES. EVIL ERNIE WAS BORN...

PURSUED BY THE DAUGHTER OF DR. PRICE, ERNIE HAS LEFT A BLOODY TRAIL OF CORPSES ACROSS THE DESERT OF THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES. ONE OF HIS MOST RECENT VICTIMS, NORMAN LOWELL, WAS SECRETLY A MEMBER OF A BLACK MAGIC CULT. WHEN ERNIE LEARNED THAT THIS CULT HURTS CHILDREN IN THEIR RITUALS, HE AND HIS EQUALLY EVIL SIDEKICK SMILEY, A TALKING SMILEY-FACE PIN, DELIVERED THEIR GRUESOME BRAND OF VENGEANCE UPON LOWELL.

ERNIE SEEKS ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS THAT PLAGUE HIM - DOES HE HAVE FREE WILL? IS HE THE MASTER OF HIS OWN FATE, OR IS SOMEONE OR SOME THING CONTROLLING HIS DESTINY? AND WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN HAUNTING HIS DREAMS...?

THE SLAUGHTER OF SANTA FE CONTINUES...

Josh Blaylock
PRESIDENT

Sam Wells
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER

Susan Bishop
VP MARKETING

Michael O'Sullivan
SENIOR EDITOR

Crank!
COMPUTER OPERATIONS

Tim Seeley
STAFF ARTIST

Evan Sult
ART DIRECTOR

Sean Dove
GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Steve Seeley
STAFF LETTERER



Andy Eaton
PRESIDENT, CHAOS! COMICS



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SANTA FE
POLICE DEPARTMENT
REPORTS THAT THE BADLY
MUTILATED BODY OF LAWYER
NORMAN LOWELL HAS BEEN
DISCOVERED IN HIS CITY
HOME.

THE **PRIME**
SUSPECT HAS BEEN
NAMED AS SERIAL KILLER
ERNEST FAIRCHILD, THOUGH
POLICE STRESS THEY HAVE NO
FIRM LEADS. IT'S ALSO RUMORED
THAT MR. LOWELL WAS INVOLVED IN
SOME KIND OF **BLACK**
MAGIC CIRCLE...



FAIRCHILD--
ALIAS **EVIL ERNIE!**
LOWELL SAID HE WAS
COMING AFTER ME
NEXT.

WHY? WHAT
DOES HE WANT
WITH YOU,
KAVAL?

WHO CAN
SAY? BUT
HE'LL FIND I'M
NOT THE SAME AS
LOWELL. I WILL BE
READY-- NOT AS
ART DEALER
KAVAL--

BUT AS
**KAVAL THE
SHAMAN!**

THEY SAY
THIS EVIL ERNIE HAS
OCCULT POWERS.
LET HIM **MATCH** THEM
WITH FORCES THAT HAVE
WALKED THE EARTH
FOR THOUSANDS
OF YEARS--

THE POWER
OF **THE
SKINWALKER!**

SOB

I WANT MY
MOMMY AND
DADDY!

DRINK
THIS.

N-NO!
YOU'RE GOING
TO HURT ME! I
WANNA GO
HOME!

DRINK!

SHE WILL
SLEEP NOW,
WHILE WE TAKE
CARE OF THE
INTERLOPER.

FORGE WILL
BE *FURIOUS* IF
ANYTHING INTERFERES
WITH TOMORROW
NIGHT!



YOU'RE
REAL QUIET,
ERNIE.

I'M
THINKIN'
SMILEY.



LEMME GUESS:
YOU'RE WONDERIN' IF
YOU'RE REALLY FREE OF
SATAN'S INFLUENCE, 'COS HE
WOULDN'T MAKE YOU KILL
HIS OWN WORSHIPPERS,
RIGHT?



KIND
OF.

DUNNO IF THAT'S
A GOOD IDEA, PAL.
IT'S THINKIN' CAUSES
MOST OF THE TROUBLE
IN THE WORLD.



YET ALL HEART,
ERNESTO!

KNOW WHAT
IT SAYS IN THE
BIBLE?

GOD WILL SEND OUT
THREE FROGS LIKE UNCLEAN
SPIRITS, TO INFECT THE RULERS
OF THE WORLD, AND BRING
THEM TO WAR IN
BABYLON.

WHAT'S
BABYLON?

THE ANCIENT
NAME FOR IRAQ.

GUESS
HIS PLAN
IS WORKIN',
THEN.

THINK
GOD SENT
ME HERE?

WE'LL FIND
OUT, BIG GUY...
OH YEAH, I BET
WE'LL FIND OUT...



...HOLY
O&S@!





RIG DANNON.
I'M A *DETECTIVE*
HUNTING FOR ERNEST
FAIRCHILD. I HEAR YOU
GOT ONE OF HIS
VICTIMS.

COULD BE.
YOU BETTER
COME IN.



'SCUSE THE
MESS, OFFICERS.
SUPPER BREAK.

I GOTTA
WARN YOU--
THIS GUY IS *NOT* A
PRETTY SIGHT!



ENOUGH TO
TURN YOUR
STOMACH,
EH?

I TIDIED
HIM UP BEST
I COULD--BUT
NO *WAY* COULD I
STUFF ALL THOSE
INTESTINES
BACK
INSIDE!

EVIL
ERNE'S
WORK, ALL
RIGHT!

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID ERNE'S
VICTIMS TURN INTO
ZOMBIES UNLESS
THEY'RE
BEHEADED?



MAYBE THE
LIVING DEAD DON'T
LIKE DRAGGING THEIR
ENTRAILS BEHIND
THEM!

ZOMBIES?
BEHEADED?

MAN, WHAT
ARE YOU GUYS
SMOKIN'?



WEIRD-
LOOKING
CREEP.

WEIRD
DOES
DIE SAME AS
ANYBODY
ELSE.

WHAT
THE HELL'S
THAT *GREEN*
GLOW...?

GUULKK!



SUR-
PRIISE!



FINISH HIM!

DIE--!

NO.

YOU DIE.

YOU DIE.



HELLO.
YOU'RE
NEXT.

BACK!
BY THE POWER
OF THE *SPIRITS*
OF DARKNESS, I
COMMAND YOU--
BACK!

UUUH!



PRETTY
STICK.



STICK
IN YOU.

AAAAGH!



TWO
SKINS?
ERNIE
COLLECT
BOTH.



GAAAH!

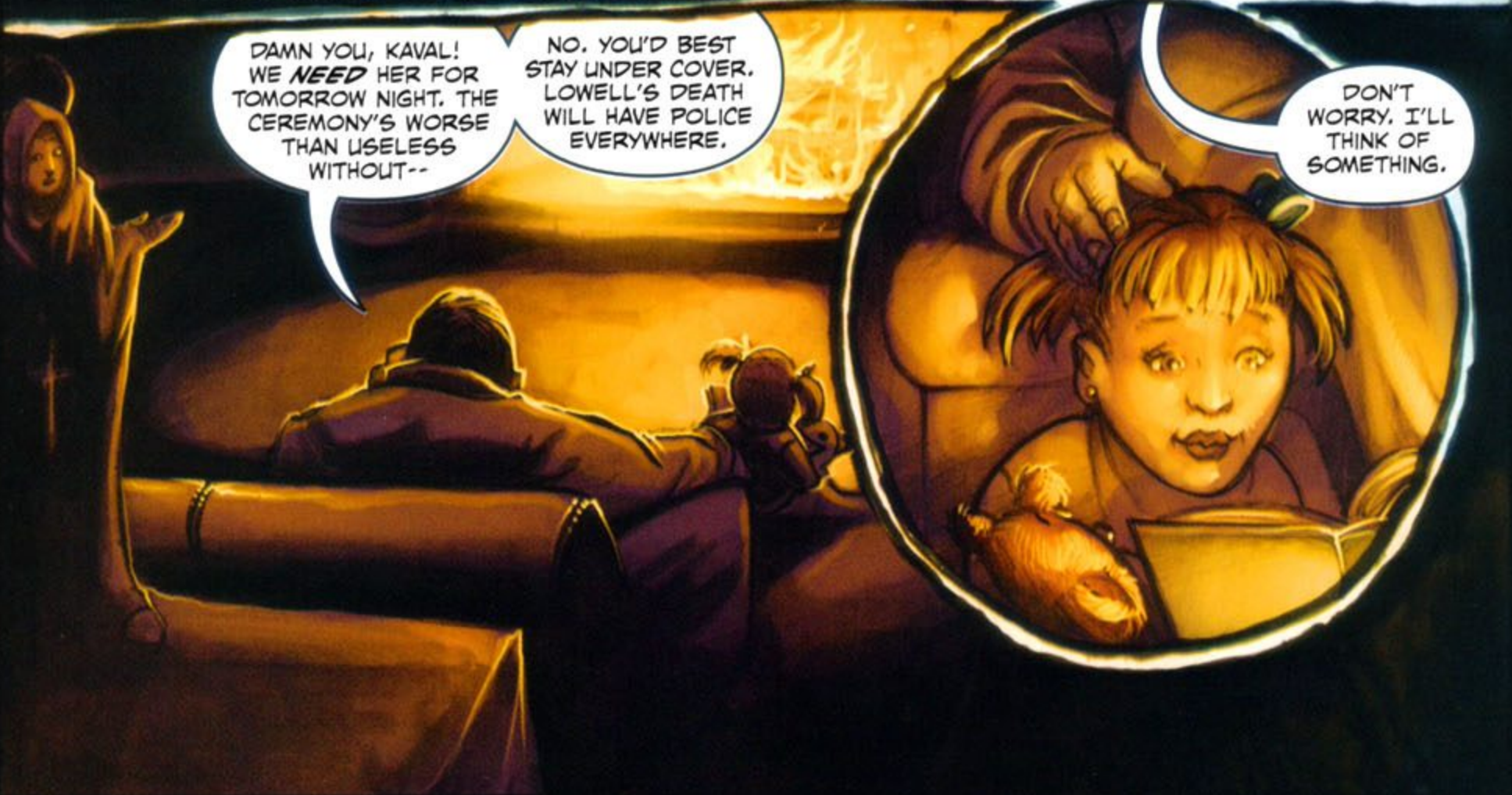


GAAAH!
GAAK!

WHAT...
YOU DONE
TO ME?

CORPSE-DUST--
BELLADONNA--JIMSON
WEED...IT WILL KILL ANY
MAN IN MINUTES--

AND YET, HE
RESISTS!



DAMN YOU, KAVAL!
WE **NEED** HER FOR
TOMORROW NIGHT. THE
CEREMONY'S WORSE
THAN USELESS
WITHOUT--

NO. YOU'D BEST
STAY UNDER COVER.
LOWELL'S DEATH
WILL HAVE POLICE
EVERYWHERE.

DON'T
WORRY. I'LL
THINK OF
SOMETHING.

DEEP IN HIS DRUG-
INDUCED TRANCE,
ERNE FAIRCHILD
DREAMS--

HE DREAMS OF
A PAIN THAT
NEVER ENDS--

UNTIL THE WHOLE
WORLD IS DEAD--

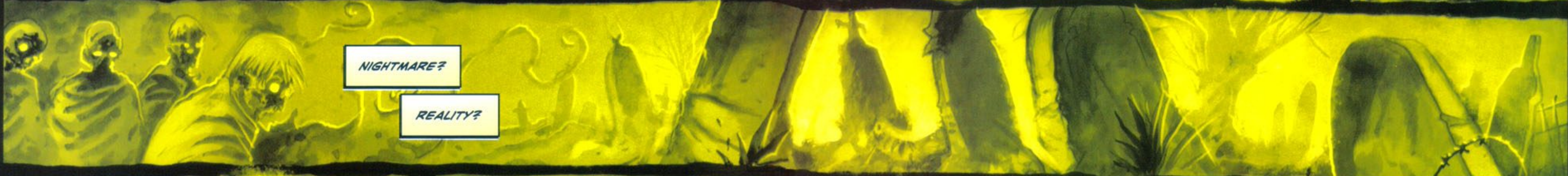
UNTIL
CIVILIZATION
IS NO MORE THAN
RUBBLE--

AND THE PLANET
IS INHERITED BY THE
LEGIONS OF THE
LIVING DEAD.



NIGHTMARE?

REALITY?



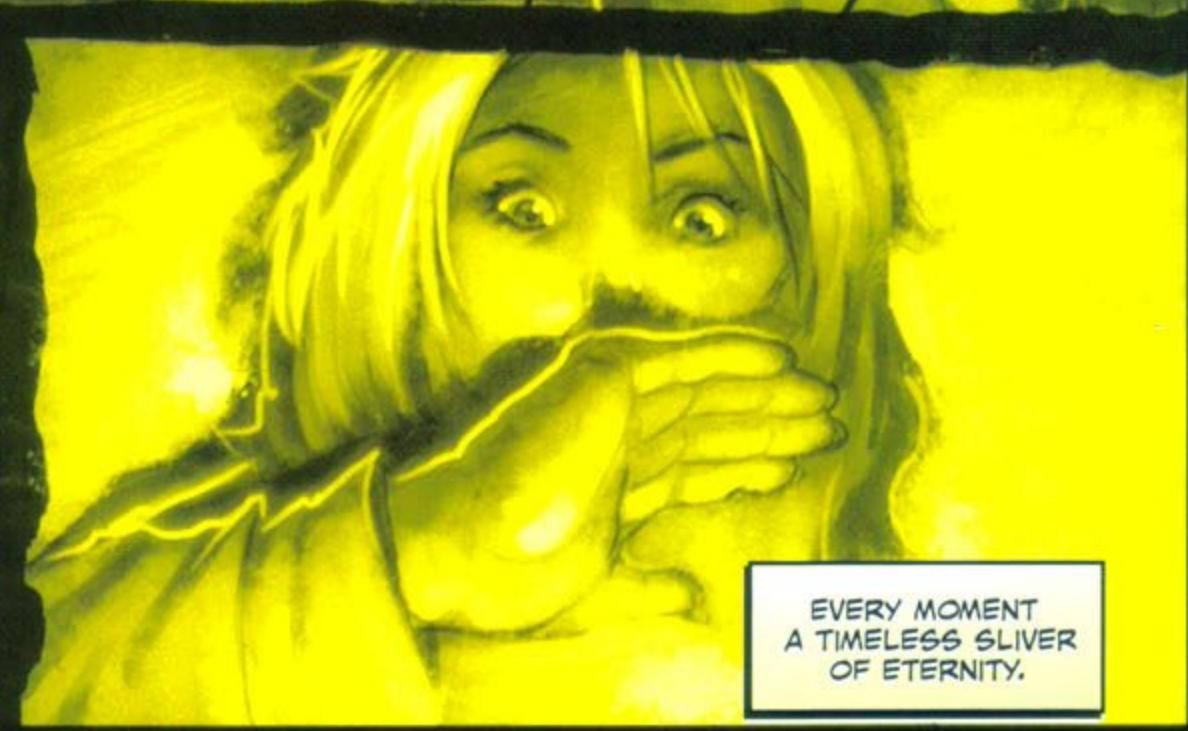
HOW CAN
HE TELL?



THE LADY IS THERE,
AND HIS HEART LURCHES.
THE PAIN IS FORGOTTEN.
NOTHING MATTERS, ONLY
THE JOY OF SEEING
HER--



EVERY
MOVEMENT
A POEM--



EVERY MOMENT
A TIMELESS SLIVER
OF ETERNITY.



LAYNA?
YOU OKAY?

OH!

SORRY. I
WAS MILES
AWAY.

THAT WAS *WEIRD!* LIKE
SOME KIND OF *MENTAL*
TELEPATHY. ERNIE WAS
IN A GRAVEYARD--
WATCHING ME.

BRR!
SPOOKY!

DON'T WANT TO BE
RUDE OR NOTHIN'--
BUT IF YOU GUYS
ARE DONE
HERE...

...IT'S TIME
FOR MY *NAP*,
SEE. THERE'S
SUPPOSED TO BE
TWO OF US, BUT
DAN'S SICK
AN'--

AAAAAAH!





SWEET
JESUS...!

GET OFF
HIM! *GET
OFF!*

NO--!



HANG
ON, RIG!

THWAAK!!

STRIIKKE!!



CHRIST! BEIN' COVERED IN *GUTS* IS GETTIN' TO BE A *HABIT*!

THE ATTENDANT'S DEAD!

HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WE WERE HERE. I'M NOT STICKING AROUND TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED!



ZOMBIE BASTARD!

HEY, LOWELL WAS A *LAWYER*. WATCH HE DOESN'T *SUE* YOU!



ZOMBIES... I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT--IF I DIDN'T STILL HAVE ITS *GUTS* SLOPPED ALL OVER ME!

YOU'LL CLEAN UP. I'M MORE INTERESTED IN *WHY* ERNIE CHOSE *LOWELL*. COULD IT BE THE *BLACK MAGIC* CONNECTION..?



SANTA FE'S NOT A BIG PLACE. IF I CAN HACK ACCESS TO LOWELL'S *CONTACTS*, MAYBE WE'LL GET SOME LEADS.

CAN YOU DO IT?

MISTER, I'D HACK INTO *HELL* ITSELF IF IT MEANT STOPPING EVIL ERNIE!





ERNIE!

HEY,
ERNESTO!

WAKE UP,
big guy!

SMILEY...?

AW, WHY'D YOU
HAVE TO SPOIL IT,
MAN? THE LADY
CAME BACK!

SWEET FOR
YOU. BUT IF YOU
GOT A MINUTE...

...GET THIS
DAMN ARROW OUT
OF MY FACE!

THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
A POINTED
MESSAGE!

THAT SKINWALKER SURE
GOT THE DROP ON YOU, PAL.
GUESS YOU'RE NOT AS
BIG A CHEESE AS YOU
THOUGHT.

DON'T
LAUGH AT ME,
SMILEY. I DON'T
LIKE IT.

HEY, I'M SHARIN'
A JOKE IS ALL. I'M YER
BUTTON, EFN. WE'RE
BUDDIES. SHEESH,
BUT YOU'RE GETTIN'
TOUCHY!

PHONE BILLS, E-MAILS,
CIVIC RECORDS, MAILING
LISTS...

AS LONG AS YOU
HAVE A *NAME* TO START
WITH, YOU CAN FIND OUT
ALMOST *ANYTHING*.

MICRO-ENGINEERING IS
MODERN MAGIC. IT CONNECTS
EVERYTHING TO EVERYTHING ELSE
VIA THE *WORLD-WIDE WEB*.

JESUS!
IT'S HIM!

SMILEY!
IT'S HER!





FREEZE,
YOU FREAK! WE
WON'T HESITATE
TO SHOOT!

LADY!

SNAP OUT
OF IT, ROMEO!
IT'S TIME FOR
THE FEET TO
FADE!

...LADY!

SCREW THE
LADY, DEATHWISH!
GET US OUTTA'
HERE!



THE MAN
SAID *FREEZE*,
FAIRCHILD!

NEXT
BULLET SAYS
HELLO TO YOUR
BRAIN!

KABLAM!

KABLAM!
KABLAM!



£#*&!
MORE ZOMBIES!

LET'S GO!
YOUR ZOMBIES'LL
TAKE CARE OF OUR
PROBLEM.



ARE YOU
CRAZY? I CAN'T
LEAVE THE
LADY!

ME CRAZY?
WISE UP, EINSTEIN.
YOU'RE THE ONE'S
GONNA GET US
SHOT!



LEAVE
LADY
ALONE!

GUESS
THERE'S NO
'ARM' IN THAT,
DUDE!





BOOM!

MY
TOKEN!

NOBODY
MOVE!

BOOM!

I SAID
"DON'T MOVE,"
CREEP!

ACK!
COVERED IN GLITS
AGAIN!

NOW...
WHO'D LIKE
TO TELL US
WHAT'S GOIN'
ON HERE?

THIS'S
ANOTHER FINE
MESS YOU'VE GOT
US INTO, ERN.

NEXT ISSUE: GOING UNDERGROUND!

GETTIN' BY WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM HIS FIENDS

EVIL ERNIE

IN SANTA FE



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ALAN GRANT • TOMMY CASTILLO • COVER BY ALEX HORLEY

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